

NEW ENGLISH REVIEW

Your Transition

by Diana Raab

Dedicated to TMS

In the small studio cottage
where you lay down to die
on that cranky hospital bed,
your desk sits in its corner—

papers scattered
as if the wind had their way.
The only clarity is a computer screen
where you crafted short stories.

Your kitchen without a counter,
jammed with boxed and canned foods,
cabinet doors flung open—
while a mere touch sends
items tumbling to the ground.

Your clothes closet beside your bed:
no doors, but a display of T-shirts
from each chapter of your life.

The smell of hamburger lingers from
your last meal,
dishes piled in sink:
all signs of neglect and endings.

As you lie comatose,
a hospice nurse rummages
around you, and serenades
songs of love, me helpless

in the corner during your transition
surrendering to what must be
a much better place for you,

I will miss you.
Please call if you can
sorry the virus got to you.

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